

Prowd Protector, enuy in thine eies I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dare presume gainst that thy soueraigne likes.

Hum. Nay my Lord, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake,
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophecied France would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humphrey.

Card. There goes our protector in a rage,
My lords, you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streetes,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying, Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With God preferue the good Duke Humphrey,
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey,
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinal.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somersfet, he rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Som. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

Buck. Content, come let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somersfet.

Salb. Pride went before, Ambition followes after,
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords, let vs seeke for our countries good,
Of haue I heard this haughtie Cardinall
Swear, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,

More

More like a Ruffin then a man
Cosen Yorke, the victories thou
In Ireland, Normandie, and in
Hath wonne thee immortall pra
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my
Thy simple plainnesse and thy
Hath wonne thee credite amon
The reuerence of mine age, and
Is of no little force if I comma

Then let vs ioyne all three in on
That good Duke Humphrey
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*

War. For grieve that all is los
Sonnes. Annoy and Maine, bo
Why *Warwicke* did win them, &

with our swords, be giuen aw
Yorke. As I haue read, our Kin
haue large dowries with their
giues away his owne.

Salb. Come sonnes, away, a

War. Vnto the Maine, oh fat

V Which *Warwicke* by maine for
Maine chance father you meant,
Which I wil win from France, o

Yorke. Annoy and Maine, both
Cold newes for me, for I had ho
Euen as I haue of fertill England
A day will come when Yorke sh
And therefore I will take the Ne
And make a show of loue to pro
And when I spie aduantage, clai
For thats the golden marke I see
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurp
Nor hold the scepter in his child
Nor weare the Diademe vpon hi
Whose church-like humors fits